

Good Morning 207

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

WHEN I asked Miss Ann Todd if we could take some pictures of her for a submarine newspaper she laughed.

"Is this anything to do with the crew who invaded my dressing-room at Glasgow?" she asked me.

Naturally, I raised my eyebrows and started asking questions, but she wouldn't tell.



ANN TODD

"But," she said, "although I haven't heard any more of them, I have often wondered how they were getting on. Wish them good luck for me."

"Sure," I said, "I'll do that."

So, good luck—you lucky guys. Ann, by the way, is currently playing the title role in "Lottie Dundass."

POTATOES now give us three forms of breakfast food, five kinds of candy, and a sweet powder that can be used in ice cream, and samplers have pronounced the products "delicious."

Through a process developed by Alabama Polytechnic Institute's Professor L. M. Ware, the sweet potato is destined to gain widespread recognition in U.S.A., and will doubtless open fresh fields in British agriculture post-war.

AN American company with post-war focus is prepared to produce millions of pounds of ersatz beef.

Using yeast as a basic ingredient, the new food, made of meat, costs only one-fifth as much and contains twice as much protein. Also, the preparation takes only twelve hours to make, as compared with two years to raise a cow.

What's the betting we don't find some way of stewing concrete before this war is over?

THE Rev. Frank Miller, of Buckland Congregational Church, is Portsmouth's liveliest Parson. He told me, "I know every publican in North End, every cinema manager in Portsmouth, the management of the Coliseum and King's Theatre, and the insides of many police stations." He added, "The publicans are very friendly."

Rev. Miller has two main interests—social service and internationalism. Working with Pat McCormick in the interests of the former, he has slept on Thames Embankment with down-and-outs. For internationalism he has travelled to every country in Europe

to preach to English-speaking students.

Rev. Miller is a Londoner. The two years he spent at Buckland constitute his first appointment away from the Metropolis. He likes Portsmouth because "everyone knows everything about everybody else, and my work doesn't seem lost."

SOME folk will gamble on anything. Just anything at all.

From a public-house in Chadwell Heath, Essex, I was almost forcibly removed one September sabbath evening because I expressed an opinion about a popular game.

Perhaps there's no harm in the game, but to gamble on the lives of bomber crews seemed a little out of line with public bar creed.

This is the set-up: The bar is crowded, and pints are flowing, and because this is Sunday some gins are being sipped by the pints' wives. It is 9 p.m. and the news comes on. The headlines are read, and then the detailed news comes through: "Our bombers were out in heavy numbers last night. A thousand tons of bombs were dropped on Berlin. From this operation" (at this moment a score of deep breaths are distinctly audible from the bar) "forty-eight of our aircraft are missing."

The bar is in an uproar. "Who's won it to-night?" "I was near it, I said fifty." "Look, old Tom's won; he was right on it."

Yes, that's how it works. They have a daily draw on how many British aircraft and lives are lost over Berlin. The winner is a great chap and buys drinks all round. That his order can be heard they usually turn off the radio then, when the news is half through.

A MAJOR factor in the post-war car racket, the foundations of which are currently being laid, could be a new air development.

A novel helicopter, said to outperform any existing model, has been test-flown, and designers Corwin Denney and Karl Schakel say the new plane is so simple to operate that the average person could learn to fly it in an hour with ground practice alone.

If the costs, running and initial, are equally simple, the hundreds of thousands of cars now being bought cheaply and hoarded might prove white elephants. I hope the helicopter does become household; I could get around quicker. I would also like to see the hoarders burn their fingers up to their elbows.

As I said, could be.

OUTSTANDING item at a recent Christie sale was Rembrandt's picture of his father's mill, showing the cottage in which he was born.

There was spirited haggling before two thousand eight hundred guineas was paid. The buyer would have doubled the offer if necessary.

PRETTY Sue: "I wanted fifty dollars, so I kissed him."

Cute Cora: "That's using your head."

What else?

TOBERMORY MILLIONS HUNT IS ON AGAIN

By Russell Sinclair

IT is reported that next summer, or as soon thereafter as possible, another attempt is to be made to raise the treasure of Tobermory.

Application must be made to the Duke of Argyll, for he alone can give permission to divers in Tobermory Bay to fetch up the gold, silver, precious stones (including a Royal crown) from the wreck of the Spanish galleon that lies in the mud. And the ghosts of Tobermory may rise again.

For there are ghosts said to be haunting the wreck. At least one diver experienced the queer sensation of ghostly influence when he poked among the rotting timbers. There is a legend that a curse lies on the treasure—the curse of those who died with this galleon.

"Thirty millions of money," equal in modern coinage to three millions sterling, are lying down there, and have lain since 1588. Kings, noblemen, rich men, poor men, have killed each other because of that treasure. The heads of the famous Argyll family have gone to the scaffold because of it.

Fortunes have been lost in salvage efforts. The ghosts still guard the sunken ship and its riches. Down there is a golden crown, intended for a new ruler of Scotland by a Spanish government. The bones of the princess who was to wear that crown lie deep in the watery grave. Will the summer of 1944 see the rescue of all this wealth?

THEORETICALLY it should be an easy salvage to carry out. I have been over the Bay, have gazed down into the dark waters, have seen divers go down—and come up again—have seen coins, swords, cannon and silver plate lifted. The galleon lies only eighty-four yards from Tobermory pier. The depth of the water covering the wreck is only sixty feet. Easy? But there is the curse to reckon with, say the divers.

The "Florescia" was the name of the galleon, the pride of the Spanish armada, a great ship of 980 tons, carrying 52 guns and 486 men. Her captain was named Pereira. She was the pay ship of the armada, carrying chests of gold and silver coin, a crown of magnificence for the Spanish princess (who was aboard), who was to receive it on the expected victory.

But in November, 1588, she drifted into Tobermory Bay with tattered sails, a worn-out crew, sadly battered and in need of provisions and water. And there, as she lay at anchor, she was blown up by John Smollett, of Dumbarton. Smollett, it was said, was commissioned by Queen Elizabeth to do this to prevent the galleon sailing again. This John Smollett was the great-uncle of Sir James Smollett, who was grandfather to Tobias Smollett, the novelist.

From that day started the strange, terrible list of murder, treachery, fighting and bloodshed that has made this Tobermory galleon the most bloodstained wreck in history.

Tobermory Bay was the property of the house of Argyll. Archibald, the seventh earl, was a boy of 13 when the galleon was sunk. When he grew up he went to live in Spain with his wife. For this, and other reasons, he was proclaimed a traitor.

Now watch events. The Spanish Government issued a statement that the "Florescia" was not a treasure ship, but only a supply ship. That was done in the hope that Spain would one day recover the treasure.

But at the Spanish Court young Argyll heard the facts. By heredity he was Admiral of the Western Isles. He made up his mind to get the treasure. He reversed his political opinions, came back to Scotland, declared himself loyal to King James. Then he put in a claim for restoration of his property.

But before that claim was granted King James died and Charles I came to the throne. Argyll himself died shortly afterwards, but he passed his secret on to his son, the eighth earl.

This eighth earl shrewdly showed so much loyalty to Charles that he carried the sceptre at Holyrood Palace when Charles went there. When he had made himself sufficiently important he asked Charles I for a legal grant that his property, including the "wrack ship" in Tobermory Bay, be returned to him.

Charles smelled a rat. To



A bronze breech block from the wreck.

make sure that some of the treasure (if there was any on the ship) should come to him, Charles made out a Deed of Gift, a copy of which I have seen. It contains a clause that if Argyll found any treasure, "prompt payment" would be made "of a hundredth part of the ship, etc., with deduction of the expenses incurred for recovery."

But Charles did not live long after. He was beheaded in January, 1649.

On July 3rd, 1650, Charles II went to Scotland, and Argyll rushed to prove his loyalty again. Again there was a document made out between the King and Argyll. I have seen this one, too. It promises "on the word of a king" to restore Argyll's rights and pay him £40,000, and it raised Argyll to the rank of Duke.

But the "word of a king" did not go far, because Charles heard a whisper about the treasure galleon. He waited a few years, then charged Argyll with treason. Argyll's head rolled on the scaffold in July, 1660.

The ninth Earl of Argyll, however, had the secret from his ancestor, but he was not long in possession of the title before a trumped-up charge was made against him. He was condemned to death, but escaped owing to powerful pleas on his behalf.

Then Charles, in 1677, sent his brother, the Duke of York,

to take possession of the wreck openly. But Argyll hit back. He took the matter to the Scottish courts. He won his case. And, mindful of the scaffold, he then apologised to James, Duke of York, for bringing the law suit. The Duke replied handsomely, calling Argyll his "affectionate friend."

Believing he was secure at last, Argyll then started on the "wrack ship." He engaged a German firm, under a Captain Adolf E. Smith, to bring a diving bell. They began work.

But no sooner had the salvage begun than the Clan Maclean muscled in and began to heave rocks at the salvors. The Macleans claimed that the foreshore was theirs. Argyll again went to law, and again won his case. The Macleans were warned not to interfere.

News of this dribbled down to London; and the Duke of York, realising that treasure must be there, forgot that Argyll was his "affectionate friend" and ordered his arrest on charges of "lease-making, treason and perjury."

The trial took place. The verdict was a foregone conclusion, because the foreman of the jury was Montrose, enemy of the Argylls. (The Duke of York saw to that.) Argyll was found guilty and sentenced to death. The Duke of York wanted that galleon. Argyll was taken to London, but managed to escape to Friesland. That satisfied James, Duke of York. By escaping, Argyll forfeited his property to the Crown. The King and his brother had the galleon in their hands at last.

In May, 1682, York sailed in a frigate, the "Gloucester," for Tobermory. But Fate played a hand. The frigate, with all her apparatus for raising the galleon, was wrecked on the way, and York barely escaped with his life. He went back to London, damped and sore.

Then the King took a hand openly. He offered fifty-fifty with anybody who would try for the treasure.

A ship-master, Archibald Miller, of Greenock, took on the contract. In the summer of 1683 he brought up the silver bell of the "Florescia," a capstan, a rudder, several guns, and some coins. Then Miller went bankrupt, and quit.

Then another adventurer, named Joshua Maisee, petitioned the King for permission to "weigh ye wreck called ye Florescia at his own charge."

But the petition was not granted, for Charles was "taking a long time dying." The Duke of York stepped up to the throne, becoming James II. One of his first acts was to get an Act passed confiscating all the property of the Argylls.

But the Argyll took a chance. He headed the Monmouth rebellion of 1685, hoping to overthrow James II. The rebellion was a failure, Argyll was captured at Inchinnan, and King James had him at his mercy. He showed none. Argyll's head fell.

There is a legend that Argyll's ghost appeared to the King the day after he was beheaded, his head under his arm.



The head spoke and told the King that the galleon's treasure would never be touched by Royal hands, and that James himself would fall.

Certain it is that the son of this ninth Earl of Argyll, who was in exile, came back with William of Orange, and James was pushed off the throne and himself became an exile.

The property and rights were returned to Argyll. Salvage work began again. Bits and pieces were brought up, but nothing much. The first diver in a real diving suit went down in 1873. He found the galleon sunk into mud and silt, and timber brought up was found to be in excellent condition. It was oak.

Difficulties made interest languish. But in 1903 a ship anchored in Tobermory Bay found her grapnel fouled. When it was raised it brought up wreckage, and on one of the flukes was a gold coin.

Since then various companies have been organised to get the millions. In front of Inveraray Castle I have seen a bronze cannon, designed and decorated by the inimitable Benvenuto Cellini. That cannon is there to-day. It was rescued from the "wrack ship." Inveraray Castle belongs to the Duke of Argyll.

Many coins, silver plates and other valuables have been recovered. Some years ago a diver saw a human skeleton and grabbed at a medal that lay nearby.

When he was picking it up he suddenly felt an almost overpowering opposition in the depths. He turned sick and dizzy. When he reached the surface he stated that he felt as if some unseen ghostly force was striving against him.

The medal was cleaned. It proved to be of gold, with a relief of the head of Christ on one side; on the other was the relief of the Spanish princess who was to become Queen of Britain. The bones were hers.

Before the present war broke out a salvage dredge brought up a number of bottles of wine. But as the bottles were raised the teeth of the dredge broke them, and the beverage, nearly 400 years old, spilled into the sea.



HOW THE BRIGADIER TRIUMPHED IN ENGLAND PART III

ODD CORNER

The famous Stone of Scone, which is kept under the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, is the subject of many legends. One is that it was the original stone on which Jacob laid his head when he saw the ladder reaching up from the earth to heaven. It was supposed to have been brought to Ireland by the Lost Tribes of Israel, and then taken to Scotland by St. Columba. It is sometimes referred to as St. Columba's Pillow.

But geologists have recently examined the Stone and have settled once and for all that it could not have come from Palestine, or from Ireland, but was quarried either at Scone or Dunstaffnage (near Oban), in Scotland. Here, and nowhere else, do the native rocks exactly match the famous stone on which the old Scottish kings were crowned.

WANGLING WORDS—162

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ARTAC, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of DEAR GIN, to make a county town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SWING into TUNES, NEAP into TIDE, BOOK into CASE, PALM into TREE.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from SUBORDINATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 161

- NECTARINE.
- PLYMOUTH.
- COAT, BOAT, BOLT, BOLE, BALE, BANE, LANE, LACE, RACE, RACK, BREAD, BREAK, BLEAK, BLEAT, CLEAT, CHEAT, CHEST, CREST, CRESS, CRASS, CRAMS, CRAMP, CRUMP, CRUMB, SOFA, SOFT, LOFT, LOST, LOSE, DOSE, DOZE, MOON, COON, CORN, CORE, CARE, BARE, BALE, HALE, HALF, CALF.
- Gale, Rage, Gear, Rail, Liar, Gore, Goal, Lace, Care, Race, Gall, Call, Lore, Role, Lair, Rile, Cage, Core, Leal, Gael, Oral, etc.

Coral, Lager, Regal, Grail, Colic, Legal, Clear, Grace, Grill, etc.

JANE



"OH GO TO BLAZES WILL YOU!"

By CONAN DOYLE

LADY JANE DACRE was Lord Rufton's sister and the lady of his household. I fear that until I came it was lonely for her, since she was a beautiful and refined woman with nothing in common with those who were about her.

Indeed, this might be said of many women in the England of those days, for the men were rude and rough and coarse, with boorish habits and few accomplishments, while the women were the most lovely and tender that I have ever known.

We became great friends, the Lady Jane and I, for it was not possible for me to drink three bottles of port after dinner like those Devonshire gentlemen, and so I would seek refuge in her drawing-room, where evening after evening she would play the harpsichord and I would sing the songs of my own land.

In those peaceful moments I would find a refuge from the misery which filled me, when I reflected that my regiment was left in the front of the enemy without the chief whom they had learned to love and to follow.

Indeed, I could have torn my hair when I read in the English papers of the fine fighting which was going on in Portugal and on the frontiers of Spain, all of which I had missed through my misfortune in falling into the hands of Milord Wellington.

From what I have told you of the Lady Jane you will have guessed what occurred, my friends. Etienne Gerard is thrown into the company of a young and beautiful woman. What must it mean for him? What must it mean for her? It was not for me, the guest, the captive, to make love to the sister of my host. But I was reserved. I was discreet.

I tried to curb my own emotions and to discourage hers. For my own part, I fear that I betrayed myself, for the eye becomes more eloquent when the tongue is silent. Every quiver of my fingers as I turned over her music-sheets told her my secret. But she—she was admirable. It is in these matters that women have a genius for deception. If I had not penetrated her secret I should often have thought that she forgot even that I was in the house.

For hours she would sit lost in a sweet melancholy, while I admired her pale face and her curls in the lamplight, and thrilled within me to think that I had moved her so deeply.

Then at last I would speak, and she would start in her chair and stare at me with the most admirable pretence of being surprised to find me in the room.

Ah! how I longed to hurl myself suddenly at her feet, to kiss her white hand, to assure her that I had surprised her secret and that I would not abuse her confidence.

But, no, I was not her equal, and I was under her roof as a castaway enemy. My lips were sealed. I endeavoured to imitate her own wonderful affectation of indifference, but, as you may think, I was eagerly alert for any opportunity of serving her.

One morning Lady Jane had driven in her phaeton to Okehampton, and I strolled along the road which led to that place in the hope that I might meet her on her return. It was the early winter, and banks of fading fern sloped down to the winding road.

It is a bleak place this Dartmoor, wild and rocky—a country of wind and mist. I felt as I walked that it is no wonder Englishmen should suffer from the spleen. My own heart was heavy within me, and I sat upon a rock by the wayside, looking out on the dreary view, with my thoughts full of trouble and foreboding.

Suddenly, however, as I glanced down the road, I saw a sight which drove everything else from my mind and caused me to leap to my feet

with a cry of astonishment and anger.

Down the curve of the road a phaeton was coming, the pony tearing along at full gallop. Within was the very lady whom I had come to meet.

She lashed at the pony like one who endeavours to escape from some pressing danger, glancing ever backwards over her shoulder. The bend of the road concealed from me what it was that had alarmed her, and I ran forward not knowing what to expect.

The next instant I saw the pursuer, and my amazement was increased at the sight. It was a gentleman in the red coat of an English fox-hunter, mounted on a great grey horse. He was galloping as if in a race, and the long stride of the splendid creature beneath him soon brought him up to the lady's flying carriage.

I saw him stoop and seize the reins of the pony, so as to bring it to a halt. The next instant he was deep in talk with the lady, he bending forward in his saddle and speaking eagerly, she shrinking away from him as if she feared and loathed him.

You may think, my dear friends, that this was not a sight at which I could calmly gaze. How my heart thrilled

within me to think that a chance should have been given to me to serve the Lady Jane! I ran—oh, good Lord, how I ran!

At last, breathless, speechless, I reached the phaeton. The man glanced up at me with his blue English eyes, but so deep was he in his talk that he paid no heed to me, nor did the lady say a word.

She still leaned back, her beautiful pale face gazing up at him. He was a good-looking fellow—tall, and strong, and brown; a pang of jealousy seized me as I looked at him.

He was talking low and fast, as the English do when they are in earnest.

"I tell you, Jinny, it's you and only you that I love," said he. "Don't bear malice, Jinny. Let bygones be bygones. Come now, saw it's all over."

"No, never, George, never!" she cried.

A dusky red suffused his handsome face. The man was furious.

"Why can't you forgive me, Jinny?"

"I can't forget the past."

"By George, you must! I've asked enough. It's time to order now. I'll have my rights. D'ye hear?" His hand closed upon her wrist.

At last my breath had returned to me.

"Madame," I said, as I raised my hat, "do I intrude, or is there any possible way in which I can be of service to you?"

But neither of them minded me any more than if I had been a fly who buzzed between them. Their eyes were locked together.

"I'll have my rights, I tell you. I've waited long enough."

"There's no use bullying, George."

"Do you give in?"

"No, never!"

"Is that your final answer?"

"Yes, it is."

He gave a bitter curse and threw down her hand.

"All right, my lady, we'll see about this."

"Excuse me, sir," said I, with dignity.

"Oh, go to blazes!" he cried, turning on me with his furious face. The next instant he had spurred his horse and was galloping down the road once more.

(To be continued)

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in POLKA, not GAVOTTE,
My second's in TURKEY, not in TROT,
My third is in ONE-STEP, likewise DANCERS,
My fourth is in WALTZ, but not in LANCERS,
My fifth is in JACKS, but not in JILLS,
My sixth is in TANGO, not QUADRILLES,
My seventh's in MARCH, but not in NUMBER,
My last is in REEL, but not in RUMBA.

(Answer on Page 3)

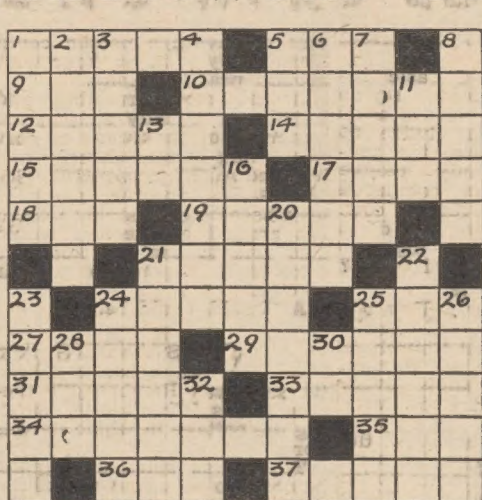
QUIZ for today

- A gazebo is an African antelope, a card game, a dance, a gipsy, a summer-house?
- Who wrote (a) Hypatia, (b) Catriona?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Dunfermline, Glasgow, Perth, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Ayr?
- On what river does Northampton stand?
- Where do we find, "Much learning doth make thee mad"?
- Graphite pencils were first made in Britain in the 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th century?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt: Yoicks, Turbary, Strenuous, Scena, Ruminant, Knout.
- What is the W.R.N.S. equivalent of a Naval Lieutenant?
- Who writes under the pen name of Evee?
- What do the letters L.L.D. after a man's name mean?
- What is the county town of Berkshire?
- Complete the phrases, (a) Grey as a —, (b) Strong as a —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 206

- Part of a wheel.
- (a) Jack London, (b) Anna Sewell.
- June has 30 days; the others 31.
- Bowls.
- Shakespeare and Scott.
- The study of the nature of existence.
- Methuselah, Inviolable.
- Flight Sergeant.
- Captain Henry T. Dorling.
- Samuel Adams, in 1776.
- Norwich.
- (a) Envy, (b) Berry.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Prepares.
- Border.
- Space of time.
- Trifling.
- Reville.
- Dance.
- Settlement.
- Ditty for two.
- Mean house.
- Nuclei.
- Spears.
- Servant.
- Cry brokenly.
- Specified this.
- Gloss.
- Ribs.
- Disorders.
- European.
- Content.
- Neglectful.
- Fudding.

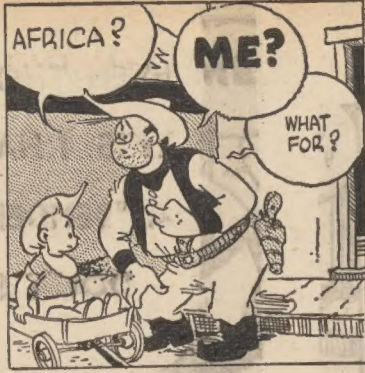
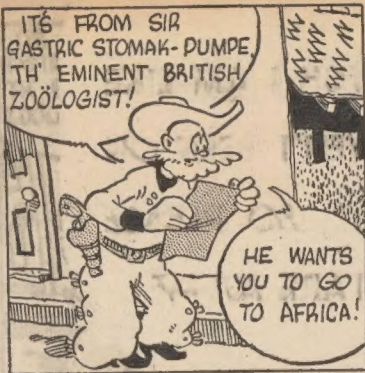
Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

BLAZED ACES
AIR VANILLA
LETTER DAFT
L FIFTH ME
ABOUT SIMPLE
DELAY RESIN
L NAMED N
FIT RESIDES
LEARNT CART
EVA ERGOT O
DELUDE SEEP

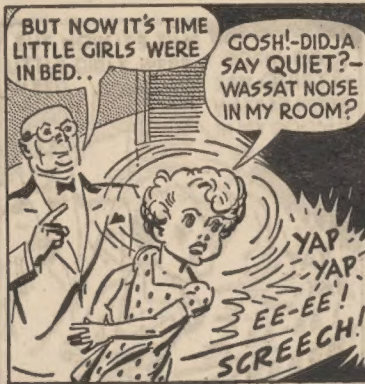
CLUES DOWN.

- Fruit.
- Shady retreat.
- Spring.
- Plate punched with pattern.
- Struck.
- Avoids.
- Negative.
- Woven material.
- Grow old.
- Like that.
- Rustic.
- Profits.
- Girl's name.
- Sally.
- Shin-bone.
- Corrupt.
- Heater.
- Assail.
- Add.
- Note of scale.
- Numb.

BEELZEBUB JONES



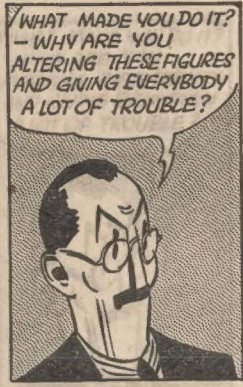
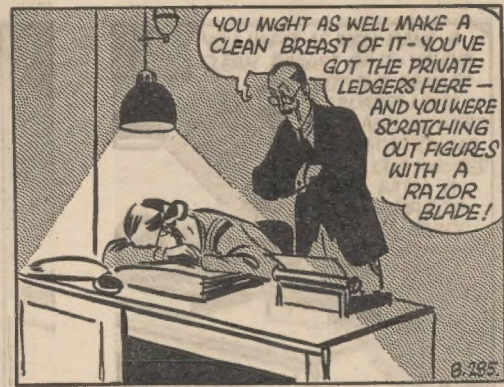
BELINDA



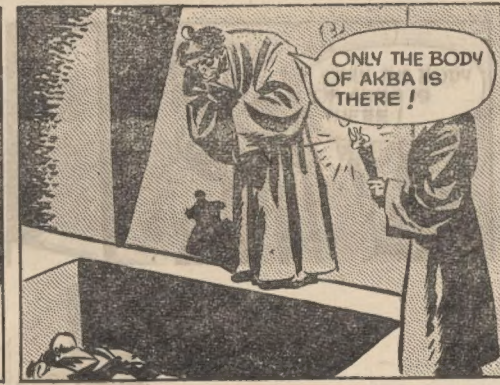
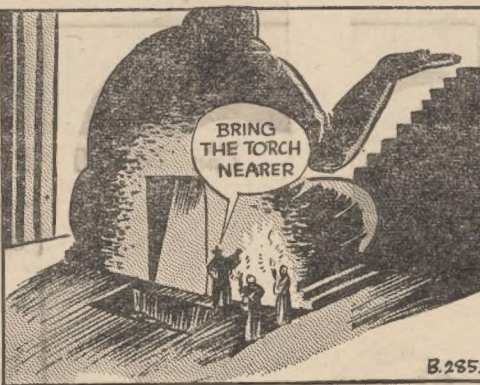
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE LAND OF BLACK MAGIC

By Victor Hilton

FORGIVE my mentioning such a delicate matter, but do you want to cure lunacy? Then how about rickets or weak eyesight? Or maybe you'd like to make quite, quite sure that you won't come into the hands of the public executioner and shuffle off this mortal coil dangling at the end of the hangman's rope?

It can all be done at the holy wells in Cornwall, land of legend and black magic, seat of superstition, little world of witches and pixies.

Myths of the royal duchy date back for centuries, and there are still people to-day in Cornwall who believe in witches and wells.

These ancient wells, which have been flowing since the time of the Druids, are hidden on the moorland hills, tucked away in rocky cliffs of tiny fishing villages. Usually they are named after a saint, like St. Non's Well in Launceston, which is reputed to cure lunacy.

A FRANTIC CURE.

To quote from an old Cornish document: "This bowsening place cures madmen. The manner of this bowsening is not so unpleasing to hear as it is to feel. The water falls into a square walled plot. Upon this wall is the frantic person set to stand, his back towards the pool. From thence, with a sudden blow in the breast, he is tumbled headlong into the pond, where a strong fellow, provided for the nonce, takes him and tosses him up and down, along and athwart the water, until the patient forgets his fury.

"Then is he conveyed to the church, and mass sung over him. If his right wits return, St. Non must be thanked, but if there appears but small amendment, he must be bowsened again and again while there remains in him any hope of life or recovery."

It is said in the duchy that as recently as 1922 a man went to St. Non's for a bowsening. The spring is dry now, and everyone round Launceston says that "frantic persons" are a lot more common nowadays.

Pins and coins are left beside, or dropped in, some wells to calm the demons. Even to-day children take their "Saturday's penny" to the well in some parts of the county, and grown-ups are not above doing the same.

POINT OF THE PINS.

St. Agnes Well, also known as the Giant's Well, has a mixed tradition. You wish as you throw your pin into it. It is also said that a giant lived nearby and used the well as a wet canteen. Indentations on a stone by the side of the well are reputed to be his footmarks.

Menacuddle Well, St. Austell, is covered by the remains of an ancient chapel. Local tradition asserts that when pins were thrown into the water, others rose from the depths to meet them. That meant you got your wish.

Many wells were noted for their healing virtues. Holy Well, Blisland, was believed to cure weak eyes. Alsia Well, St. Buryan, which probably derives its sanctity from the Irish virgin Berriona, was celebrated for strengthening weak and rickety children who were bathed in its water.

An ancient superstition regarded any field in which a well was situated as so sacred that misfortune would befall anyone who ploughed it up. This legend was ignored in the case of one well in 1878, and, believe it or not, Mister Ripley, the farmer's son fell on a soythe and had to have his leg off.

A peculiarity of St. Eunius Well, Carn Brea, was that whoever was christened in its waters would never be hanged!

Villagers of Colan used to risk their peace of mind once a year at Lady Nant's Well, where on Palm Sunday they would throw their palm crosses into the water and watch them with a glassy stare, swallowing hard. If the cross floated, the inquirer would outlive the year. If it sank—well, that was just too bad!

Solution to Allied Ports.
PENZANCE.

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
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London, S.W.1

BLESS MY SOUL THEY'RE REAL

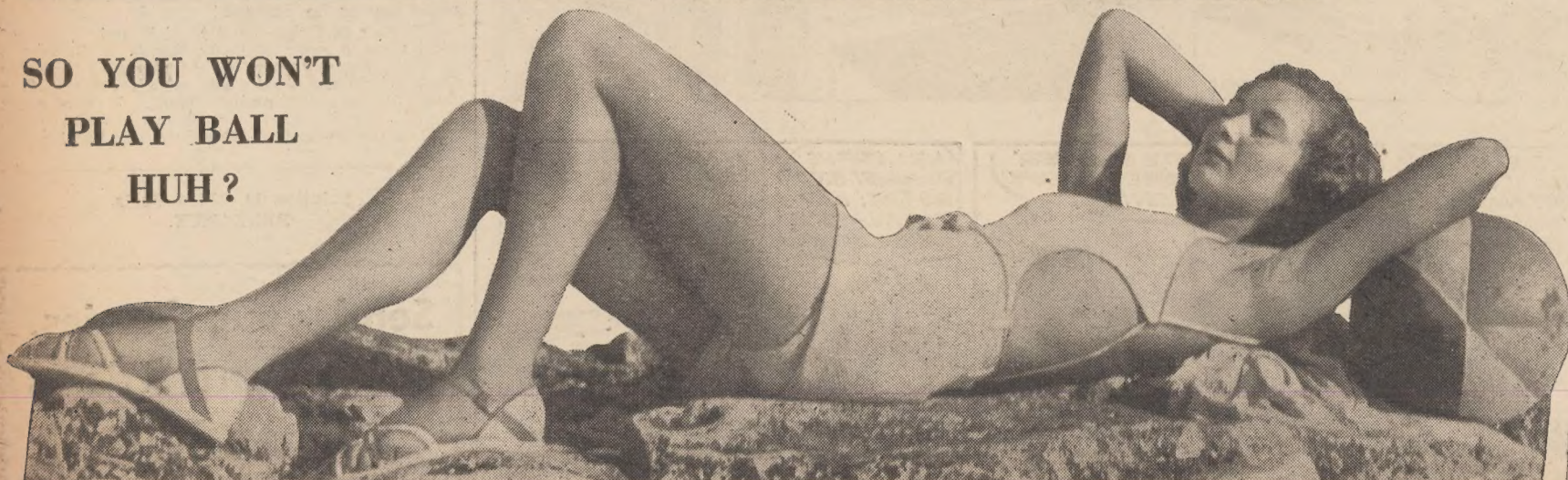


This England

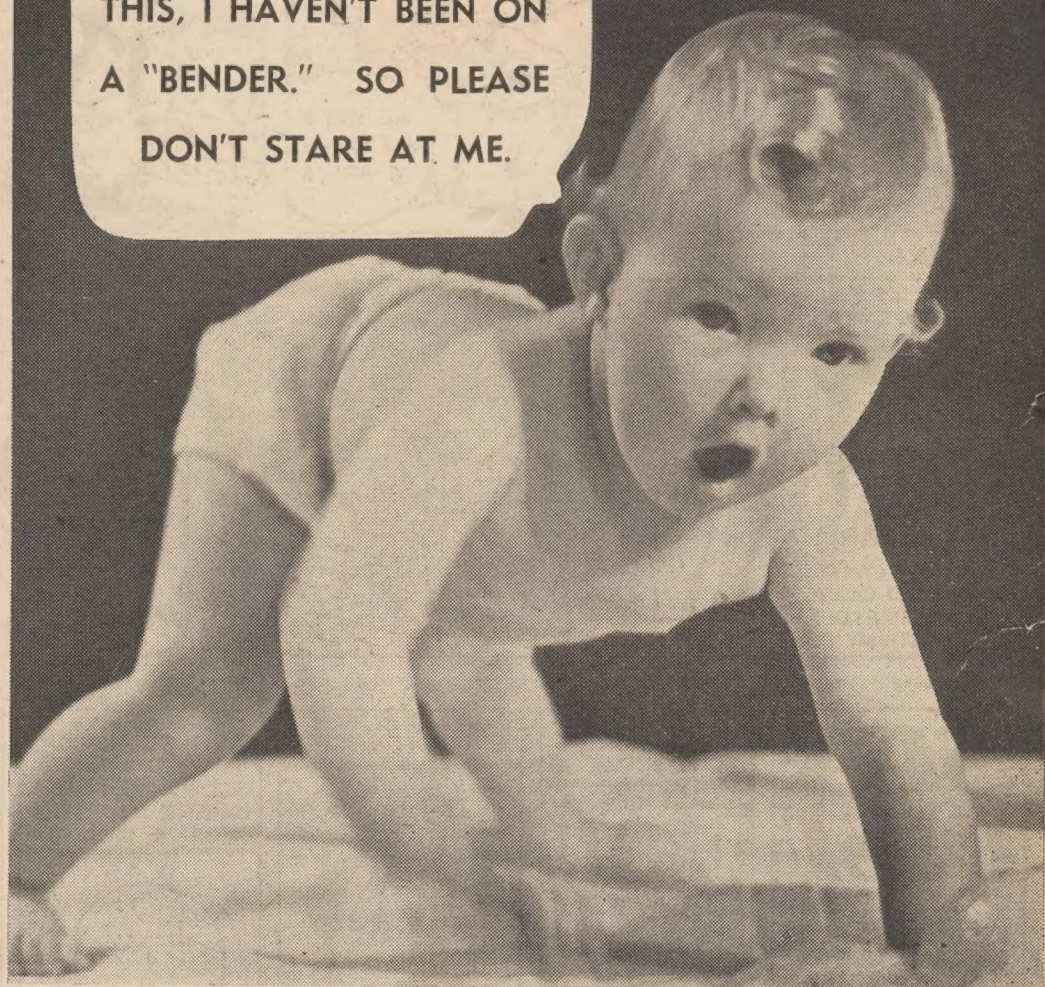
White cottages bathed in sunlight. The village green and pond at Finchingfield, Essex.



SO YOU WON'T
PLAY BALL
HUH?



EVEN THOUGH I AM LIKE
THIS, I HAVEN'T BEEN ON
A "BENDER." SO PLEASE
DON'T STARE AT ME.



I'M NOBODY'S BABY NOW

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You miserable
b-h-bulldog."

